Tells the Facts and Names the Names

CounterPunch

VENTURA'S NO TO DEATH

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Political Diary

In August, 1996, Norman Mailer published in Esquire his interview with Pat Buchanan, a brave effort to explore what common terrain can be shared by left and right in America, against the Center. The article ended with Buchanan's remark to Mailer that "left and right come together basically in opposition to big business, government, big corporations — against the oppresive weight of gigantic institutions upon the individual. You get a broad coalition of Left and Right. They feel they are going to lose the country they grew up in. That is the underlying focus." Mailer ran Buchanan's quote, then closed with the line, "Four years to the millennium!"

Buchanan went nowhere in 1996 and the left's anti-corporate crusader, Ralph Nader, ran a pro-forma listless campaign. Now we're six months from the millennium and things are, at least on the surface, even worse. Politics always draw their vitality from the extremes. George Wallace and Malcom X, even though he was killed three years earlier, set the political thermostats in 1968, and with the addition of the Weather Underground, did the same in 1972. In every spavined sentence of the Democratic and Republican party platforms there lurks, albeit often in barely detectable volume, the DNA of what was once a robust, even "extreme" political idea.

But today the trace elements of such DNA have become so infinitesimally small that even the most powerful microscopes scarcely register a presence. Take Al Gore and George W. Bush, currently favored as the presidential contenders of 2000. The only real difference between them is the fact that at this point in the political season George W. has raised twice as much money as Al, who himself has hauled in record breaking truck-loads of cash. Oh, at the level of rhetoric there are minute deviations. George W. just took a swing through the Pacific North-West and declared himself a friend of the chainsaw and the logging deck, thus sending a message to big timber money that George W. is a better investment than Gore, the Tree-Hugger. And the timber men will no doubt pony up for George W., happily aware that for them there's no downside, since the ancient forests of the Pacific Northwest have been cut down at a bracing rate all through the Clinton-Gore years.

Gore and George W. are alike as two peas, right down to the same slightly dazed look that comes of having big-time politicians as fathers and interesting encounters with powerful drugs in their formative years. We don't know anything about Gore's mother, but Barbara Bush was one of the nastier women we've ever interviewed (a half-hour session in 1979, when George Sr was fighting Ronald Reagan for the nomination). Maybe there's a difference here.

In fact a debate between Al and George W. on the subjects of parents—their parents—might be the sole means of putting together an exciting debate in 2000. Imaginatively staged, with both men injected with sodium pentothal, and moderated by Geraldo Rivera and Gail Sheehy, such an encounter might scrape off the dreadful rime of banality that cakes their public personae and reveal the wounded egos beneath.

At the level of political performance in the White House, 2001-2004, we can say with some certainty, that it makes not an iota of difference whether Gore or Bush is the lease-holder. Corporations will plunder the earth at the same rate, embryos be dislodged from their mothers' wombs at the same pace, constitutional rights and

(**Diary** *continued on page 8*)

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Our Little Secrets

From Watts to Fat Cats

President Bill Clinton wrapped up his Magical Misery Tour in Watts, where he handed out the following advice to students at a job retraining center in one of the nation's poorest communities: "For those of you who've done well in the stock market, how can you keep it going? The easiest way to keep it going is go to places where there aren't enough jobs and there aren't enough consumers and create more of both. Create more business owners, create more workers, create more consumers. That's all growth completely without inflation."

From Watts Clinton set off for South Florida to raise money for Florida Democrats. The Coral Gables party was hosted by Alfonso Fanjul, the sugar baron whose call to the White House interrupted a private session between Bill and Monica. The Fanjul event raised over a million dollars (the price of admission was $25,000 a couple) and came less than two weeks after Clinton and Al Gore delivered to Congress an $8 billion Everglades "restoration" project that gave Fanjul everything he wanted: namely, an unimpeded flow of water to his sugar plantations and an agreement that the feds would not try to expand Everglades National Park. Fanjul told the St. Petersburg Times he thought Clinton had been "a great president".

One of the beneficiaries of the Clinton/Fanjul event was South Florida Rep. Carrie Meek. Meek is herself a top rank Everglades destroyer, who that very week had introduced a bill in Congress that would turn over the Homestead AFB to a conglomerate of Cuban exiles called HABDI, which is backed by the family of the late Mas Canosa. The HABDI group, as we have previously reported, wants to build a huge new commercial airport on the site, which sits between the Everglades and Biscayne national parks.

While Bill was partying in south Florida, Hillary was in up-state New York on her Listening Tour. Hillary's campaign was blessed by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who said, "I hope she will go all the way.I mean to go all the way with her." Don't get carried away, Senator.

Editors
Alexander Cockburn
Jeffrey St. Clair

Co-writer
Opal Nations

Design
Deborah Thomas

Counselor
Ben Sonnenberg

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CounterPunch
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Washington, DC, 20007-2829
1-800-840-3683 (phone)
1-800-967-3620 (fax)
www.counterpunch.org

Put Guns Into the Hands of Children

One of the pleasures of talking to Larry Pratt, executive director of the Gun Owners of America, is hearing Charlton Heston denounced as a chardonnay-swilling Hollywood sellout, only too delighted to betray the Second Amendment if it means he gets his face on network tv and taken seriously on Capitol Hill.

And it's true. Heston's NRA collapsed in the wake of the Columbine killings in Colorado. Only an unusual combo of House conservatives and liberals was able to beat back the recent gun bill. Even so Pratt still fears that another House bill could get conferenced with New Jersey Sen. Frank Lautenberg's Senate Bill 254, introducing laws making it all but impossible for gun shows to continue to operate. Liberals hate gun shows, regarding them as the seedbed of all that's wrong with America. This is all nonsense. Gun shows do of course attract people eager to exercise their Second Amendment rights, collect or exchange various types of firearms and so forth. They are also vibrant rendezvous for important elements of popular American culture. They are antigovernment, populist and lots of fun. Which is why the better element, Lautenberg in the lead, wants to do them in.

Pratt exultantly tells us of a tv debate on Long Island he'd had with Rep. Carolyn McCarthy a couple of weeks after the Columbine shooting. Rep. McCarthy is the widow of a man killed on a Long Island commuter train by the lunatic Colin Ferguson. Was it wrong, Pratt asked, for an assistant school principal in Pearl, MS, to have taken a gun from his desk drawer and chased a shooter who had already killed two, run him off the road and then hold him at gunpoint until the cops arrived five minutes later? This happened in 1997.

Pratt says that he put the question to Rep. McCarthy twice, and twice she wouldn't answer him. The third time, Pratt says, he answered for her, to the effect that she obviously doesn't believe in self-protection. Pratt's other debate-stopper, he tells me, is to ask his opponent whether it would have been wrong to arm Jews in the Warsaw ghetto with machine guns, so that they could have fought back against the SS loading them into the cattle cars.

Pratt's solution to the schoolyard killings: Let the teachers bear arms, just like they do in South Africa, where one instructor recently gunned down a bellicose student. Pratt also faxed us an interesting study on urban delinquency, put out by the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention (part of the Justice Dept.) in 1994. This was a survey of delinquency in Rochester, Pittsburgh and Denver, tracking delinquency "pathways," as affected by drugs, school attendance, parental oversight, gang membership and so forth. The study shows clearly enough that one way of keeping kids out of trouble is to let them carry legal guns. Out of 1000 boys and girls surveyed in Rochester in the 1980s, some 7 percent of the boys own illegal guns by the ninth and 10th grades. Legal guns are held by 3 percent. There is a strong correlation between illegal guns and delinquency and drug use. Seventy-four percent of the illegal gun owners commit street crimes, 24 percent commit gun crimes and 41 percent use drugs. The Justice Dept. study continues, "Boys who own legal firearms, however, have much lower rates of delinquency and drug use and are even slightly less delinquent than

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nonowners of guns."

Specifically, of those involved in street crimes, 74 percent had illegal guns, 24 percent were non-gun owners and 14 percent had legal guns. In drug use, the equivalent percentages were 41, 15 and 13. No legal gun owner was involved in a gun crime. The authors of the report hastily add that the "socialization into gun ownership" is very different for legal and illegal gun owners. "For legal gun-owners, socialization appears to take place in the family; for illegal gun owners, it appears to take place 'on the street.'"

So the first thing is to fix your kid up with a gun permit, plus plenty of practice at the target range, thus installing a sense of self-respect and social responsibility. The next thing is to make sure that your kid does not get a job. Not? This flies in the face of every puritan instinct. But the Justice Dept. report is clear: "Belief is widespread that work or employment protects us against delinquency and gangs. Unfortunately, the faith placed in youth employment is not generally supported by empirical findings over the last several decades. The relationship between lack of employment and crime or drug use found among adults does not seem to hold for adolescents." Guess what? "Working youth" have levels of delinquency and drug use equal to or even higher than the layabouts on the street corners or on the porch. It's logical. The work ethic and the crime ethic are closely intertwined, as Max Weber spent many pages suggesting.

A final piece of news from the Justice Dept. you already knew: Boot camp or lesser coercive assemblies for the delinquents are bad ideas. Bringing predelinquent or delinquent peer groups together in school or community or coerced association (such as boot camp) merely provides the opportunity for shaping "delinquent knowledge" and attitudes. They make things worse. Delinquency-prone young people should be integrated into generally prosocial groups. "To obtain attachment and integration among all youths, school programs that ensure that all youth can be successes somewhere in the school setting are needed."

HIS KIND OF ALIENS

For the past decade, the immigrants' worst foe has been Bill McCollum, the Florida Republican. McCollum, Henry Hyde's henchman on the House Judiciary Committee, has authored a spate of anti-immigrant measures, each one more vicious than the last. Under McCollum's bills, the INS deported 171,154 in 1998, topping the previous record of 114,386 set in 1997. In 1999, deportations are averaging an astounding 17,000 per week.

Until now the only immigrant group to escape McCollum's punitive measures has been the Cubans; others have been booted out of the country for such minor infractions as parking violations. Now McCollum is having second thoughts. He recently took to the floor of the House to reflect that the law, which he drafted, may be "too harsh and indiscriminate". McCollum was pleading for leniency from the INS for a young Canadian man, a convicted thief and forger named Robert Broley. When the INS ignored McCollum's pleas, the congressman drafted a bill that would exempt Broley from the expulsion provisions of the law. He said this particular boy's story was "personally compelling". Broley's father just happens to be the treasurer of the Republican party in McCollum's south Florida district.

How big is the CIA's file on Prince Charles?

SPOOKING FOR MONSANTO

During the fiftieth anniversary celebrations at Langley, President Bill Clinton talked about the CIA's mission for the next millennium. Among the list of new spying projects Clinton enumerated back in November, two caught our attention: environment and free trade. The CIA has quickly adapted to this new mission. On July 11, the London Sunday Telegraph reported that the CIA has been spying on Michael Meacher, environment minister for the Blair government, presumably because Meacher—nearly alone among the Blairites—has been skeptical about Monsanto's plans to market genetically engineered crops in Europe.

The snooping came to light when the Telegraph filed Freedom of Information Act requests with several US government agencies asking for any files on British ministers and elected officials. Most agencies said they had no files, while a few replied that they kept short biographical briefs, which they duly turned over. The exception was the Environmental Protection Agency, headed by Al Gore's former staffer, Carol Browner. The EPA replied that it had a file on Meacher, but refused to turn it over, saying it "originated within the Central Intelligence Agency". The CIA also refused to release the file.

Meacher is known as one of the more left-leaning members of the Blair government. But he has drawn fire from Monsanto and the US State Department and Commerce Department for his recalcitrant position on genetically engineered crops. Meacher has said that genetically engineered crops should not be commercially grown in Europe until they have been proven not to pose health problems or environmental risks. Meacher has also moved to reformulate a government panel on genetically engineered crops by reducing the number of industry representatives. The US maintains that any restrictions on Monsanto's ability to market its GE crops is an unfair restraint on free trade.

Meacher says he's astonished that the CIA has a file on him and says he has no idea what the reason might be. Chris Prescott, head of Friends of the Earth's London office, offers one. "The immediate fear is that the CIA is working hand in glove with Monsanto to do anything they can to force this technology down our throats, whatever democratic politicians have to say. What business is it of the CIA's to worry about any politician's views about biotechnology products" We wonder how big Monsanto foe Prince Charles' file might be.

This disclosure comes amid growing uproar in Europe about the scale of electronic surveillance by the National Security Agency in collusion with the CIA. Two recent European Parliament studies have confirmed for the first time that the NSA now has the ability to monitor Europe's communications networks, with a grid of computers known as Echelon having the capacity to scan all communications. One of these reports discloses that the NSA has upgraded its surveillance of commercial transactions. The European Parliament has debated the NSA's spying, an international law enforcement network aimed at abolishing any solemn concepts of privacy. The House Intelligence committee, and in particular Rep. Bob Barr of Georgia, have generated an amendment to the Intelligence Act for FY 2000 requestioning the directors of the CIA, NSA, along with Attorney General Janet Reno, to report to congress on the legal standards being employed in the Echelon Project to protect the [notional] privacy guarantees of American citizens. ■

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Pass the Brie and Shine the Jackboots

How Pacifica Fired Opal Nations

CounterPunchers know well the wars at Pacifica which we've reported on more than once this year. The nub of the story involves the efforts of the national governing board, chaired by Mary Frances Berry, to turn the Pacifica radio network into a top-down autocratic outfit, putting out NPR-type pap, maybe selling KPFA or WBAI. The latest outrage was Berry's pressuring of attorney general Janet Reno to twist the arms of Berkeley police to act rougher in breaking up sit-ins outside Pacifica's offices in Berkeley.

But the autocratic onslaught began in the mid-1990s, when Pat Scott took over as KPFA manager in Berkeley and then became Pacifica's manager. One of the reasons we are running our friend Opal Nation's account of being fired by Scott is that it gives a vivid sense of how the whole process of autocratic bullying and jackboot tactics looked from below. It's the first time he's told this story. We're also proud to have Opal in our pages because he's the greatest authority in the US—meaning in this instance the entire world—on gospel music, and has compiled many wonderful collections, available on CD, among them, "There Is No Sweeter Sound" for Columbia and the "Testify" boxed set for Rhino.

Strange to imagine fourteen years of your own radio artwork drifting aimlessly somewhere out there in space four years after I was dumped without reason from the on-air staff at KPFA. Yet it has taken me four years to get to the writing table and be able to somehow convey my thoughts without feeling overwhelmed by anger and bitterness.

I came aboard the Pacifica flagship in mid-1981. My only experience had been in acting in and producing radio drama at the Radio Coop in Vancouver, Canada. My sphere of interest lies in traditional forms of Afro-American gospel music. We decided on a middle ground and presented an archival quartet program labeled "Doo-Wop Delights". This late night meander down memory lane, with occasional side trips into soul, gospel and R & B, aired for ten years. In 1981, the KPFA studios were located in the grunge-gray suite above Edy's Restaurant where large rodents had carved out territory and the rancid smell of stale air seeped out of the walls from below during opening hours. The atmosphere of the place was funky. Dissension among the ranks was a major problem, even then. Battles raged—the arts versus politics—and which were more deserving of prime daylight air time. Naturally, discourse won over culture every time.

My first thought was to try to remove the barriers between the compartmentalized disciplines. To have music programmers take a stab at news reporting and news people have a go at doing drama. This might lead to a better understanding and respect for everyone involved in making KPFA a people's forum. But my proposal was laughed at and people went back to defending their own small squares of broadcast territory. As time went on, program guides got thinner and KPFA Christmas parties shrank into Sandwichville.

The David Salniker management style struck me as a "hands-off" policy of leave well alone. If you had a problem, it would fix itself. Like today, no one ever cared about the night owls who regularly came in to host the graveyard shift. Boy, those late hours were sometimes scary. You never knew who was lurking around the next corner or who was "crashing" for the night. When time came to staff the mikes at marathon fund-raising events, we all gladly played used-car salesman. But in those days we did not need to meet large mortgage payments and "other-than listener funding" seemed to almost cover the impending PG&E bills.

I joined the Drama and Literature Department and shared in the morning readings, "acting out" chapters from the light side of English literature. The morning readings were one of a number of components that made KPFA a special station to be part of. We had a far broader spectrum of programming in those days. It was not until the hiring of David Salniker's replacement that managerial affairs at KPFA took a downward turn culminating in the sorry state of affairs we have come to today. The gradual incursion of Pacifica's meddling and interference seemed like an advancing disease. More and more, key KPFA personnel seemed to be at odds with a system that grew like a corporate pyramid by the minute.

The move to the Architectural Digest-type structure on MLK Jr. Way set the stage for what was to come: a move away from creative spontaneity into a realm of responsible, corporate business management. Let us all remember that KPFA was founded on the principles of libertarianism, freedom of thought and action in the furtherance of peace and justice for everyone. The new managerial system snatched the power which was given in trust away from the people and from behind locked doors management used this power to cleverly corporatize its own interests. Instead of turning to those individuals who had supported KPFA in times of need for most of their listening lives and doing all they could to increase and strengthen their numbers, KPFA management hired consultants who advised a course which took them into the mainstream of National Public Radio.

The on-air arts suffered and were almost annihilated. Schemes to radically change the on-air image of KPFA were drawn up in late 1994-early 1995. Listener input, as always, was not a figure in the equation. A plan evolved whereby those on-air people with the least political clout, and those who the management felt were supporting those parts of our culture they deemed irrelevant in today's marketplace, would be swiftly axed. On-air staff who were either effectively unionized, worked full time for the station, raised staggering amounts of cash during fund raisers, had given money to build the new station and had had their names etched on blocks in the station lobby, or had made high pro-

The KPFA studios were located in the grunge-gray suite above Edy's Restaurant where large rodents had carved out territory.

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file overtures in the form of servile deference were kept on. So were the formerly forgotten hosts of the wee wee hours, those who broadcast after 1:30 a.m.

I had always thought it important to develop relationships with regular listeners and fans. I made posters and mailers which went out on a mailing list. I sent information four to six weeks in advance to the tabloids concerning upcoming programs and special artist features. Few music programmers ever did this at the time. I made a habit of posting mailers and flyers around the radio station. This was a grave mistake. It seems that anyone can read anything into a graphic design. Something somewhere will offend or outrage someone. I had no intention of alienating or discriminating against anyone in any shape or form at any time, but there were somehow those who thought my poster designs offensive and in a roundabout way let me know about it. I had made enemies of the "p.c. police".

I quit posting my program at the station. Somehow I got the feeling that certain KPFA employees resented the fact that a white, middle-class, middle-aged male whose life had been spent researching African American gospel music was conducting a weekly in-depth black roots music show. Never mind the fact that it was scheduled at midnight, when most folks were tucked in, after the regurgitated evening news. If I had been playing rock & roll, all would have been fine. Meetings took place at the station where some people argued that programmers should play music of their own race.

In 1991, I tried to remove myself from this issue by switching over to hosting a world music program. This seemed exciting to me. It was a chance to learn and appreciate the cultures of the planet. I had subbed for David Mayer's world music program and had learned a lot from his excellent (and sadly missed by many) Wednesday morning show. I wanted to be able to contribute more to KPFA.

My show was called "Harmonia Mundi" (Global Harmony). After two years, I quit world music and took up profiling the principal movers and shakers of R & B, the artists who shaped the course of Blues & Rhythm music from its beginnings during the war years up to its death at the dawn of the "British Invasion". This new show was called "Rockin at Midnite." We had a ball, and in no way did I encroach upon the territory carved out by "Blues by the Bay," a long-established program I often hosted when Tom Mazzolini was pressed for time to do it.

Dark clouds started to gather in late 1994, when programmers were told in staff circulars that our programs would come under review. I sensed something was wrong when no effort was made to review my show. In fact, no music department head or member of KPFA management ever hauled me in to suggest ways of how my show might be improved, changed or altered for the better. To my knowledge, none of the other programmers received a review of their programs either. The writing was on the wall. A secret re-programming committee was set up and convened behind closed doors. A series of lie-filled staff circulars were mailed out in an effort to conceal the real intentions of the management.

First we were told that all regular weekly programmers would keep their programs and be rescheduled. This was the first lie. Secondly, we were informed that pulled programs and hosts would get a chance to reapply as all regular KPFA programming would be reviewed and evaluated every three months. This of course was a bold-faced lie. The station did not have the means to put people through this time-consuming process. We were firmly directed to keep all station business under our hats. We were forbidden to tell our listeners anything. Most of us, those in fear of losing our shows, kept our mouths shut. We felt angry and intimidated. We felt helpless. A deathly silence reigned during the month prior to the mass "cleansing". Rumors spread, but little information from the secret meetings filtered down to the on-air staff. The lid was shut tightly.

Some people argued that programmers should play music of their own race.

The death knell for me came one early Monday morning in July. Not a letter, not a meeting, not a confrontation, but a cursory phone call from the station manager thirty minutes before I was heading out to KPFA to sub for "Blues By The Bay". A perfectly inept time to tell me I no longer had a show, that my services would no longer be needed in the Drama & Literature Department, and that my chances of hosting a regular world music program on KPFA were slim. That's it. That's how they fired me. But they added one last lie: You will however be on the top of the subs list for the morning world music slot. The management had no intention of calling me in to substitute for anyone, something that became obvious to me over the ensuing months of not a single call, in spite of the fact that world music shows ran five mornings a week and there were regular no-shows of the programmers.

I applied three times for a world music show, each time submitting formal, written applications. These were ignored and never even acknowledged. The most painful part was saying goodbye to my listeners. Some called with tearful voices. One listener told me she had moved to the Bay Area just so she could listen to my program. How do you respond to statements like this? The studio phone lines were jammed. I tried choking back tears and making excuses. After all, the truth had not been revealed to me by the management. I felt unable to give clear and substantial answers to the listeners. Why was I on the outs list? Why did the management want me off the station? Why did they not consult with me to work out a solution that best suited everyone? I was prepared to take my airtime in any given direction. I had proven I could be both inventive and versatile. Didn't somebody say that KPFA was a forum for ideas that would not otherwise be expressed?

"Rockin at Midnite" was the kind of in-depth music program one never heard on any other Bay Area radio station. KPFA management was swamped with angry letters. They were all answered with the same old lies. Oh no, I had not been taken off the air, I was simply relegated to substitute world music programmer. To my amazement, I found that I was the first person to leak the mass firings to the press.

Hours of preparation go into putting a program together. Hours of unpaid research. Not once did any member of management show any gratitude, and eventually we came not to expect any. To be suddenly thrown off the air without fair reason, after fourteen years of devoting a substantial part of your life to public radio, leaves a deep and lasting scar.

KPFA is a station left to us in trust. If it is to survive it needs to rebuild its trust in the people even if this means a complete remodel of the Pacifica Foundation.

Opal Louis Nations, Volunteer Programmer Oakland, June 1999. ■

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From the Death Chamber to the Unabomber

The CIA, Shrinks & LSD

On June 17, the state of Texas put to death by lethal injection John Stanley Faulder, a Canadian who had been convicted in 1977 of murdering Inez Phillips, an oil heiress. Faulder's case received more press attention than most executions these days, mainly because the Canadian government tried to intervene on his behalf and urged Texas governor George Bush to spare his life. Unmoved by arguments that after his arrest Faulder had been denied his right to consult with officials from the Canadian embassy, Bush sent him to the death chamber.

What went entirely unmentioned by the American press was that 37 years ago Stanley Faulder had been the unwitting victim of medical experiments partially funded by the CIA. According to Faulder's sister, Pat Nicholl, who lives in Jaspar, Alberta, "At 15 Stanley was arrested for stealing a watch and sent to a boys' home for six months. At 17, another theft got him six months in jail. At 22 he was caught in a stolen car and sent to jail in New Westminster, B.C. for two years. There, he asked for psychiatric help and was put in an experimental drug program which involved doses of LSD".

Faulder was one of hundreds of Canadian prisoners who were experimented upon by psychiatrists in the 1960s and 1970s. The prison LSD program was run by Dr. George Scott, a staff psychiatrist for the Canadian Federal Corrections, who had served as director of the Canadian Army's psychological rehabilitation department during World War II. After the war, Scott teamed up with shrinks from Allan Memorial Institute, including the notorious Ewen Cameron, to launch a variety of drug, electroshock, sensory deprivation and pain tolerance experiments, using prisoners and patients at mental hospitals as guinea pigs. The LSD for some of the experiments as well as funding for the research was provided by the CIA and the Canadian Defense Department.

Scott, now 84, has been stripped of his license to practice medicine. The sanction was not for dosing prisoners with psychotropic drugs, but for emulating Sandor Ferenczi by making passes at female patients. Even here Scott used drugs and electroshock to aid his seduction. According to court records, Scott used a technique called "narcoanalysis" to manipulate one of the women into having sex with him. Narcoanalysis involves heavy doses of sodium pentathol and Ritalin. Scott used the pentathol, in combination with electroshock, to take his victim into a near comatose state, implanted erotic suggestions, and then roused her to consciousness with shots of ritalin. This continued for a period of five years. Scott even prescribed birth control pills for the woman.

In 1969, Robert Renaud, an inmate at the Kingston Penitentiary, claimed that Scott had given him ferocious jolts of electroshock as a punishment for not cooperating with the doctor. Like Faulder, Renaud was in jail for theft and was not considered violent. Scott dismissed Renaud's allegation, though films of the psychiatrist shocking prisoners from that time have recently surfaced. In response, Scott said he only performed electroshock once a week on prisoners who "were sick enough".

Scott is being sued by 24 women inmates who say they were subjected to his LSD experiments. One of the women bringing the suit is Dorothy Proctor, who was given LSD at the Kingston women's prison in 1961—the same year Faulder was drugged. Proctor was a 17-year-old black woman, serving a three-year sentence for robbery, when Scott diagnosed her as a sociopath and put her in his experimental program, which included sensory deprivation (a 52-day stint in the Hole), electroshock and mega-doses of LSD.

In a 1998 interview with the CBC program "This Morning" Proctor vividly described the first time she was offered LSD as she was in the middle of a long stint in solitary: "The prison psychiatrist comes down to the Hole, and he has a student with him, a lady psych student from Queen's University and she's to take notes. He pulls up a chair for her and him, and they are outside in the hallway section of the cell, talking through the bars. I am on the floor, no mattress just a blanket. Then I am taken out of the cell that has a commode. I am now in a cell with a hole in the floor for my toilet. It had backed up so I am also in my own waste and stench. So he comes out and presents me with this, you know, we want to help you so much. We want you to correct yourself and we want you to rehabilitate yourself. And I am your friend, and you are worth saving. So just cooperate with me. And I have a pill that just might help you. I am going to rescue you. That was the LSD. I don't think it was 15 or 20 minutes before Dante's Inferno. It was obvious. I am locked in. I can't get away. And the walls start to move in on me. And they melt. The bars turned to snakes and there was an awful vibration in my body. Just awful. And I just thought I had gone mad."

The women prisoners' suit will go to trial this fall. Scott has shrugged off the claims, telling the Ottawa Citizen in an interview two years ago that he has no regrets about his activities. "I am happy with myself. I don't give a shit."

"Worse Than Benedict Arnold"

On July 1 the Smoking Gun website put up 14 pages from more than 500 FBI transcripts and memoranda, showing that Leary was volunteering to snitch, then snitching to the feds about his knowledge of the Weather Underground and almost anyone else Leary thought the feds might be interested in, including his former wife Rosemary, his attorneys and the wife of one of his attorneys. This was 1974 when Leary was in Folsom prison in northeastern California, after convictions for a number of marijuana busts plus time for his jail break.

It's not entirely fresh news that the late Timothy Leary was a squealer and a snitch to the FBI. The snitching was well known at the time. The FBI was eager to leak the fact that Leary, high priest of LSD and potentate of the counterculture, was singing about his former associates. The news,

"I am locked in. I can't get away. And the walls start to move in on me. And they melt. The bars turned to snakes and there was an awful vibration in my body."

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the Bureau seemed to have reasoned, would spread fear and despondency and foster rifts. On April 4, 1974, the Chicago Tribune ran an FBI-inspired leak, headlined "Leary Will Sing"; and in the letters that Abbie Hoffman wrote in the mid-1970s, edited by wife Anita, To America With Love, vitriol was poured on Leary the Snitch. Himself on the run after his cocaine bust, Abbie wrote, "I'm digesting news of Herr Doktor Leary, the swine. It's obvious to me he talked his fucking, demented head off to the Gestapo... God, Leary is disgusting. It's not just a question of being a squealer, but a question of squealing on people who helped you. The curses crowd my mouth. Timothy Leary is a name worse than Benedict Arnold."

Leary's awfulness was somewhat forgotten by the time he'd become a staple of the Hollywood gossip columns, before his ashes were fired off into the space that he roamed so freely in his acid-sodden years. He began his career as a research psychologist at the Kaiser Foundation in Oakland, where he developed a personality test to help the authorities classify prisoners, allocating them to various levels of incarceration. (When Leary himself was convicted, he was handed the very test that he had devised years earlier, and thus was able to frame answers that put him in a minimum security facility in San Luis Obispo, from which he was sprung by the people he later ratted on.)

From Kaiser, Leary went on to become a lecturer at Harvard. It seems likely that the "Leary Test," as it was known, had attracted the attention of the chairman of the Dept. of Social Relations, Dr. Henry Murray, whose experiments on Ted Kaczynski are noted below. Murray's "Thematic Aptitude Test" was being used by the CIA, which then took up the "Leary Test," no doubt with handsome fees to Kaiser and to Leary. By the time Leary got to Harvard Murray already had contracts with the Pentagon and CIA to test student volunteers (including Kaczynski).

Leary took the drugs to be tested and sallied forth to the Massachusetts Correctional Institute in Concord, a maximum security prison, where he embarked on experiments designed, so he said, to see if LSD and psilocybin could be successful agents in behavior modification. As with all research on prisoners there were certainly other aspects Leary didn't publicly own up to, such as investigation into the properties of these psychotropic drugs in interrogation.

"He's liberal CIA. And that's the best mafia you can deal with in the 20th century."

The CIA helped spring Leary from his prison in Algeria, where he'd been consigned by Eldridge Cleaver, who had instantly seen Leary for what he was.. At the time he put him in jail, the exiled information minister of the Black Panthers said, "There's something wrong with Leary's brain. We want people to gather their wits, sober up and get down to the serious business of destroying the Babylonian empire. To all those of you who look to Dr. Leary for inspiration and leadership, we want to say to you that your God is dead, because his mind has been blown by acid." Leary's wife Rosemary didn't want to deal with the CIA agent who sprang them from prison in Algeria. For once Leary was on the mark. "He's liberal CIA," Leary told Rosemary. "And that's the best mafia you can deal with in the 20th century."

T. Kaczynski: Guinea Pig

It turns out that Theodore Kaczynski, a.k.a. the Unabomber, was a volunteer in mind-control experiments sponsored by the CIA at Harvard in the late 1950s and early 1960s.

Michael Mello, author of the recently published book, "The United States of America vs. Theodore John Kaczynski," notes that at some point in his Harvard years--1958 to 1962--Kaczynski agreed to be the subject of "a psychological experiment". Mello identifies the chief researcher for these only as a lieutenant colonel in World War II, working for the CIA's predecessor organization, the Office of Strategic Services. In fact, the man experimenting on the young Kaczynski was Dr. Henry Murray, who died in 1988.

Murray became preoccupied by psychoanalysis in the 1920s, drawn to it through a fascination with Herman Melville's Moby Dick, which he gave to Sigmund Freud, who duly made the excited diagnosis that the whale was a father figure. After spending the 1930s developing personality theory, Murray was recruited to the OSS at the start of the war, applying his theories to the selection of agents and also presumably to interrogation.

As chairman of the Department of Social Relations at Harvard, Murray zealously prosecuted the CIA's efforts to carry forward experiments in mind control conducted by Nazi doctors in the concentration camps. The overall program was under the control of the late Sidney Gottlieb, head of the CIA's technical services division. Just as Harvard students were fed doses of LSD, psilocybin and other potions, so too were prisoners and many unwitting guinea pigs.

Sometimes the results were disastrous. A dram of LSD fed by Gottlieb himself to an unwitting U.S. army officer, Frank Olson, plunged Olson into escalating psychotic episodes, which culminated in Olson's fatal descent from an upper window in the Statler-Hilton in New York. Gottlieb was the object of a lawsuit not only by Olson's children but also by the sister of another man, Stanley Milton Glickman, whose life had disintegrated into psychosis after being unwittingly given a dose of LSD by Gottlieb.

What did Murray give Kaczynski? Did the experiment's long-term effects help tilt him into the Unabomber's homicidal rampages? The CIA's mind experiment program was vast. How many other human time bombs were thus primed? How many of them have exploded, with the precipating agent never identified? ■

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freedoms be abused with the same frequency, drug wars fought with the same intensity or growing disillusion. The same small countries will be bombed, the same infants die, the same 13-year old girls glue Nike shoes together. The same men and women—mostly black—will pass from Death Row to their graves, regardless of whether Al trounces George W. or George W. trounces Al, or whether Bill Bradley surges past Al, or whether Steve Forbes or Lamar Alexander turn George W. into the Ed Muskie of the millennium. Within the conventional political arena we have come to a dead end. As Bill Clinton remarked to the Los Angeles Times, George W. is merely pulling the same political scam in 1999 with his "compassionate conservatism" as did Bill himself with DLC "New Democrats" in 1992.

As a force capable of reinvigorating our political DNA the left is in terrible shape. Such national champions—Jesse Jackson, Sr. and Bernard Sanders—are both populist phonies. The radical right—which has contributed 80 per cent of the political energy in the country for the past 20 years—is almost as impotent, although more healthily endowed with a hostility to state power. The left will never break away from the Democratic Party to any important degree, since the institutional ties between labor and the Democrats will never allow it. The right might well tear itself loose from the Republicans. Bob Smith of New Hampshire seems keen on leading such a break-away. We certainly hope he does so. Who else might precipitate a reinvigoration of the system?

Now, Gov. Jesse Ventura of Minnesota is a demagogue, a quality highly esteemed by the ancient Greeks, for whom the word contained the simple sum of its two parts, being *demos* meaning the people, the populace, the commons, and *agogos*, meaning leader, or leading. As the Oxford English Dictionary puts it, a demagogue in its initial meaning is defined as "a popular leader or orator who espoused the cause of the people against any other party in the state." To Hobbes and Dryden, halfway through the seventeenth century, the word still carried this sense. At the same time, amid the storms of the English civil war, royalists were giving the word its current pejorative sense. "Demagogue" has been the victim of a class ambush.

Yet in the first sense, we need demagogues desperately. Part of our present problem is that there are no leaders with the demagogic virtue to rally and arouse the people. Ventura fulfills at least one initial part of the demagogic requirement, by his evident capacity to speak directly in a way that people can understand and believe. Here's how he dealt with the death penalty issue, on Geraldo Rivera's show on MSNBC on July 6:

RIVERA: Well, what about the death penalty, then?

Gov. VENTURA: I don't support the...

RIVERA: Because they've moved now to make it 15, 14, 13, 12, infancy.

Gov. VENTURA: I disa—disagree with the death penalty altogether now, and—I've t—I've taken...

RIVERA: Really?

Gov. VENTURA: Yeah. I've taken that position, because u—upon becoming governor, Geraldo, I wouldn't want that weight on my shoulder, especially in the light of DNA evidence that they have today. I mean, if you sentence someone to die, and five years later it's proven that they didn't do the crime, I would have a hard time living with that. But what I say is, let's make life, life. Life is not life imprisonment. That's phony. They sentence someone to life and they let them out in 10 years. If you're going to make it life, let's make it life, but I do not agree with the death penalty.

And this came directly after Ventura affirmed his belief in the Second Amendment while making the entirely accurate observation that at the precise moment the gun-control crowd screams for guns to be taken out of the hands of children, the army is drafting teenagers and shoving automatic weapons in their hands and training them to kill. In the same conversation he came out, in coherent terms, against the drug war and in favor of medicinal use of marijuana, plus agro-industrial cultivation of hemp.

So here we have Al Gore, who campaigned in New York in 1988 by pasting Mike Dukakis as the paroller of Willie Horton. And we have George W. who's never met a death warrant in Texas he doesn't like. And we have Ventura who admits, actually admits he doesn't want to be the man who puts to death innocent people, a man who admits, unlike George W., that this would cause him to lose sleep. At this desperate hour we have at least the makings of a decent demagogue. Six months to the millennium, and right now the prospect of ultimate political Y2K, plunging us into mental darkness: Al versus George W. Run, Jesse, run! ■

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How the CIA Fed LSD to the Unabomber

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